

BILLY
THE KID

KING OF THE OUTLAWS!!



BILLY THE KID

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MAGAZINE

DROP IT,
OR ELSE YOU'LL
BE
SURROUNDED!!

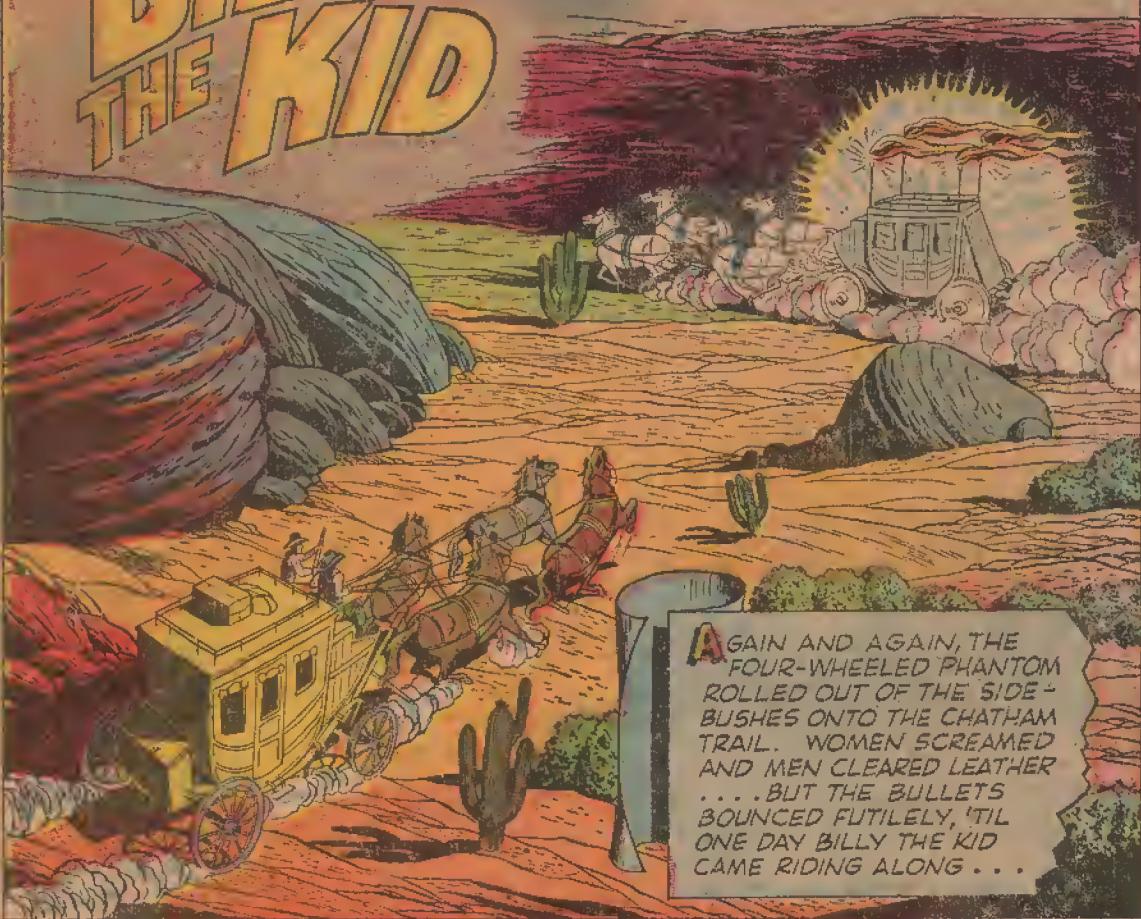


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BILLY THE KID

IN "The PHANTOM STAGECOACH"



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE FOUR-WHEELED PHANTOM ROLLED OUT OF THE SIDE-BUSHES ONTO THE CHATHAM TRAIL. WOMEN SCREAMED AND MEN CLEARED LEATHER . . . BUT THE BULLETS BOUNCED FUTILELY, 'TIL ONE DAY BILLY THE KID CAME RIDING ALONG . . .

WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, MA'M? I'LL BE GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE . . .

IT'S NO USE . . . NO ONE CAN HELP! THE CHATHAM TRAIL IS HAUNTED . . . AND NOW EVERYONE'S SCARED TO USE MY PA'S STAGECOACH. PA'S GONNA LOSE EVERY CENT HE EVER OWNED . . .



STILL AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'M. WHATEVER FOLKS CAN SEE, THEY CAN SHOOT AT --- AND I HEAR TELL THAT PERCOLATED GHOSTS GEN'RLY SWITCH THEIR HAUNTING GROUNDS.



YOU CAN'T PERCOLATE THESE GHOSTS! THEY COME IN THEIR FOUR-WHEELED PHANTOM ONLY WHEN MY PA'S STAGE RUNS THE TRAIL. HIS GUARDS HAVE SHOT AT THEM MANY A TIME --- THE BULLETS ALWAYS BOUNCE! ... I TOOK THE RIDE MYSELF ONE NIGHT JUST TO SEE IF FOLKS WERE CRAZY...



"THREE MILES OUT OF TOWN IT CAME ROLLING OUT OF THE BUSHES, DRIVERLESS, SHINING LIKE A BURNING CLOUD....."



"WHEN THEY SWARMED OUT -- THE GHOSTS! NEVER SAID A WORD, JUST MOTIONED US TO GET OUT ON THE GROUND. THEY WERE PUSHING THE STAGE OVER WHEN I FIRED, POINT-BLANK, BUT NOTHING HAPPENED...."



THEN THEY CLIMBED BACK INTO THEIR PHANTOM STAGE AND DROVE AWAY THROUGH THE BUSHES...

SOUNDS MIGHTY SPOOKY. YOUR PA'S BEING DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS, YOU SAY?

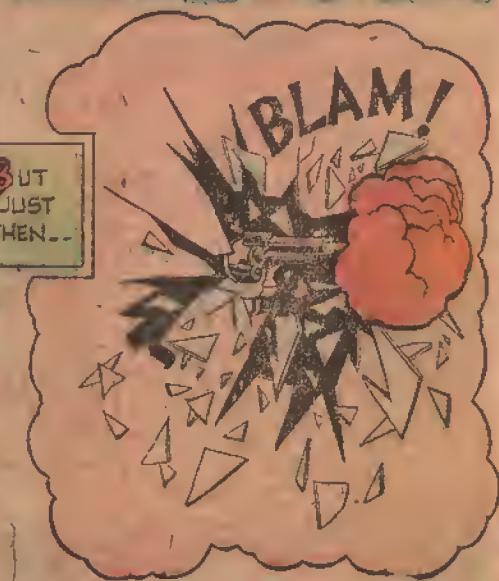


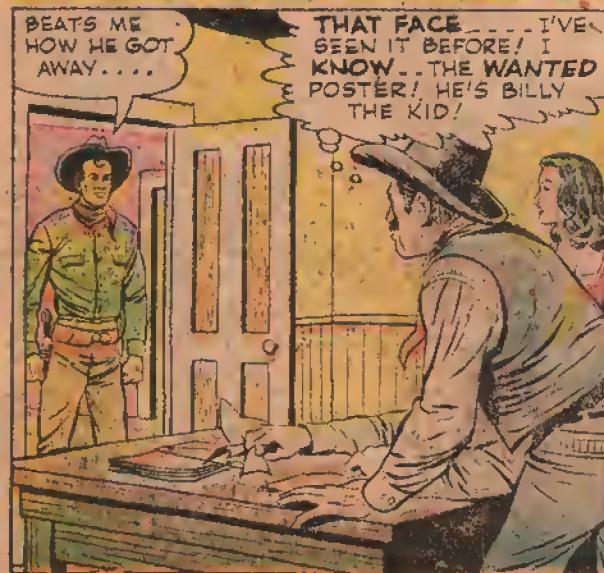
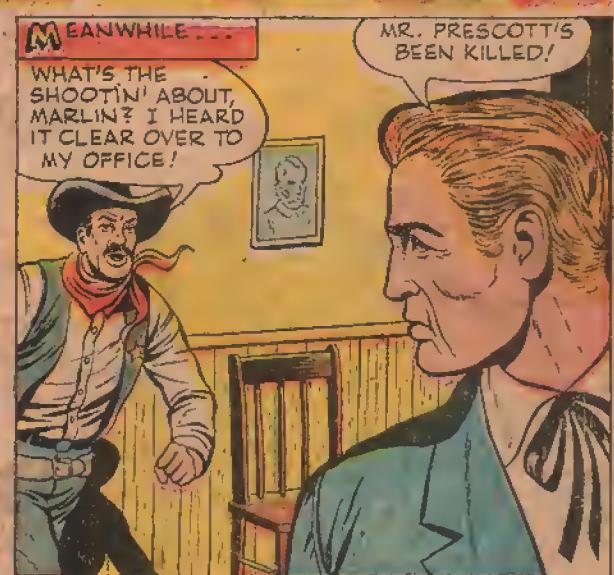
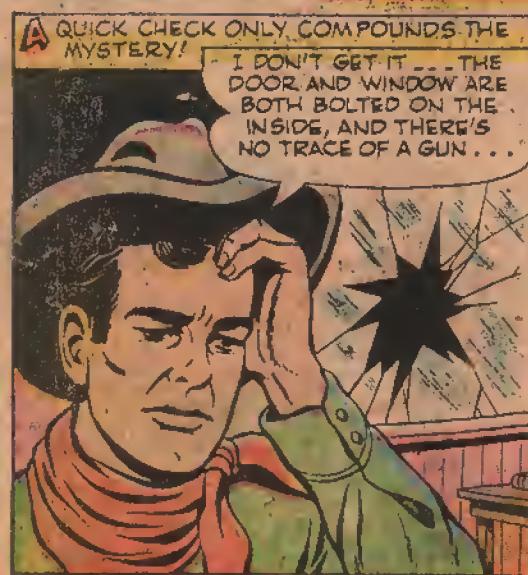
SUDDENLY A VOICE RASPS OUT...

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU, STRANGER?

HAL, WHAT'RE YOU DOING AWAY FROM THE OFFICE? IS ANYTHING WRONG?

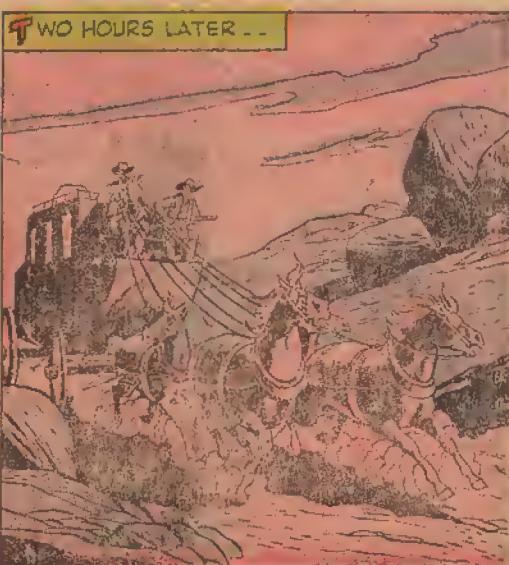






LEARING LEATHER WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY,
BILLY SHOOTS-----

YOU DRAW MIGHTY FAST WHEN A MAN'S
FACING THE OTHER WAY, MARLIN!





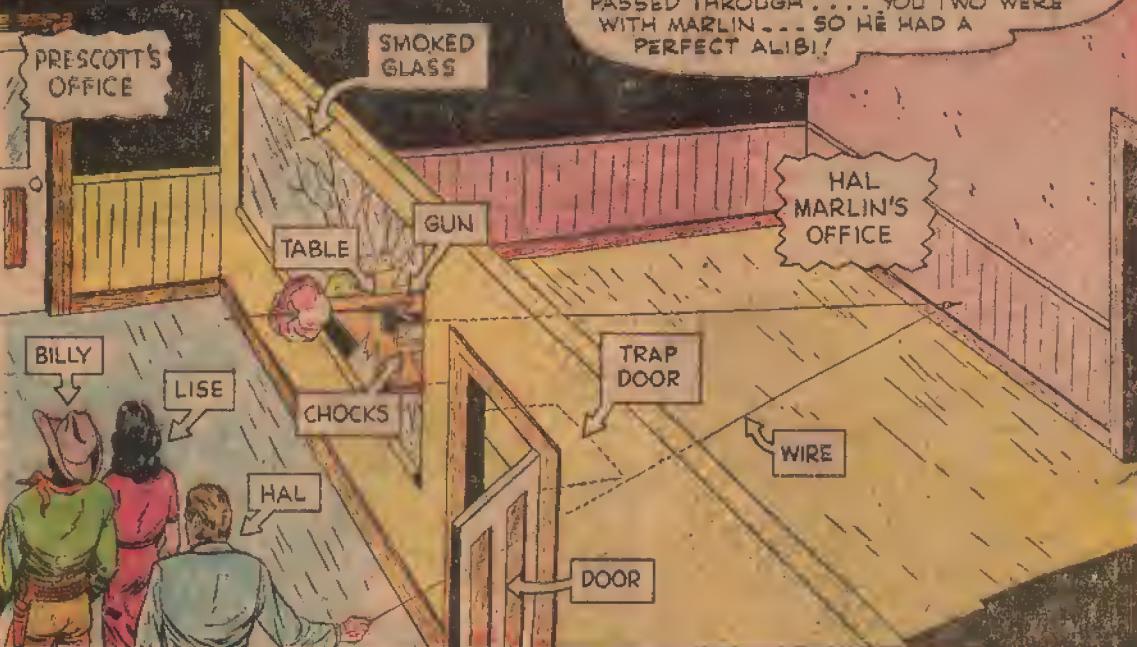
HAL MARLIN'S OUR BOSS. HE WAS OUT TO RUIN PRESCOTT, THEN TAKE OVER THE COMPANY HIMSELF.

WHO KILLED PRESCOTT, AND HOW?



MARLIN DID... PRESCOTT HAD BEGUN SUSPECTING HIM! MARLIN USED TO BE A MECHANIC... HE'S HANDY WITH GADGETS... HE SET UP A GUN ON WOODEN CHOCKS BEHIND THE WINDOW BETWEEN THE OFFICES. WHILE YOU AND THE GAL WERE TALKING TO PRESCOTT, HE TRIGGERED THE GUN OFF WITH A LONG WIRE!

IT WAS AIMED RIGHT AT WHERE PRESCOTT ALWAYS SAT... THE RECOIL KNOCKED THE GUN OFF THE SILL DOWN THROUGH A TRAPDOOR BELOW... THE TRAPDOOR WAS ON A SPRING... IT SPRANG BACK INTO PLACE AFTER THE GUN HAD PASSED THROUGH... YOU TWO WERE WITH MARLIN... SO HE HAD A PERFECT ALIBI!



OK... THAT EXPLAINS IT. NOW ALL YOU SIDE WINDERS WALK AHEAD OF ME BACK TO TOWN.

MARLIN'S STILL WAY AHEAD OF YOU, KID! YOU'RE IN NO SPOT TO PROVE WHAT YOU JUST HEARD. BESESIDES, MARLIN'S GETTING THAT FOOL GAL TO SIGN THE COMPANY OVER TO HIM TONIGHT!



BLAST YOU! COULDN'T YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

THANKS FOR THE TIP! YOU MEN TAKE THEM BACK TO TOWN. I'D BETTER GET THERE REAL PRONTO!



BACK IN TOWN...

SIGN } I HATE DOING THIS HERE, ANG LISE. BUT PA TRUSTED YOU, HAL, AND I WILL TOO.



AT THAT MOMENT

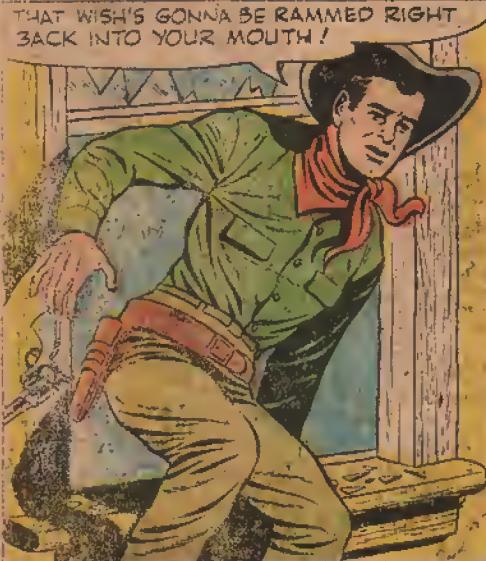


I SEE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! DON'T SIGN ANYTHING, MA'M! MARLIN'S THE VAR-MINT WHO'S BEEN BEHIND ALL THIS SPOOKIN'. AND HE KILLED YOUR PA!

YOU'RE A BIG MAN WITH THAT GUN IN YOUR HAND, BILLY THE KID. FIGHT ME HAND-TO-HAND, AND I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER WAS BORN



THAT WISH'S GONNA BE RAMMED RIGHT BACK INTO YOUR MOUTH!



UGGGH!



THE NEXT MORNING

THE SHERIFF FOUND THE TRAPDOOR JUST WHERE YOU SAID, BILLY. ALSO PROMISES TO DEVELOP AMNESIA IF YOU SETTLE DOWN HERE TO RUN THE COMPANY FOR ME. I NEED A GOOD MAN.

SORRY, MA'M, I HAVE TO BE MOVING. GLAD I WAS ABLE TO BE OF SERVICE



BILLY THE KID

IN

"The TAMING of SHUGRUE"

BILLY!
LOOK OUT!



MR. ASTOR, COME
ROUND-UP TIME
I'M QUITTING!

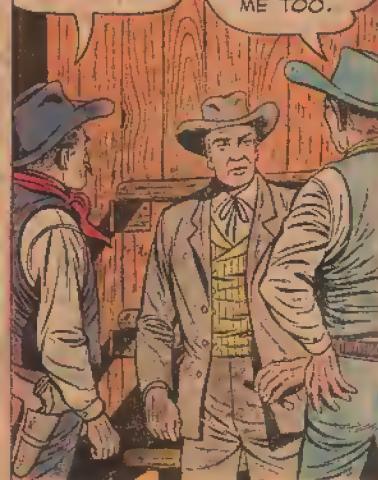
SORRY, BOSS,
BUT THAT
GOES FOR
ME TOO.

YOU MEN ARE FREE
TO COME AND GO.
I GOT NO RIGHT
TO HOLD YOU
IF YOU WANT
TO GO... BUT
WHY? WHY?

WE
GOT OUR
REASONS.

YOU'VE BEEN ON
THE BAR Q FOR
MANY A YEAR,
STEVE. YOU
OWE IT TO ME
TO AT LEAST
TELL ME
THE TRUTH.

WELL, YOU
GOT A RIGHT
TO KNOW,
AND IT AIN'T
PLEASANT,
BUT I'M GOIN'
TO TELL IT
TO YOU!



IT'S BECAUSE OF
SHUGRUE, YOUR
SON.

HE'S ORNERY!

SHUGRUE'S A
LITTLE HEADSTRONG,
I DON'T BUT HE'S
A GOOD BOY.

'TAIN'T THE
WAY WE
FIGURE!



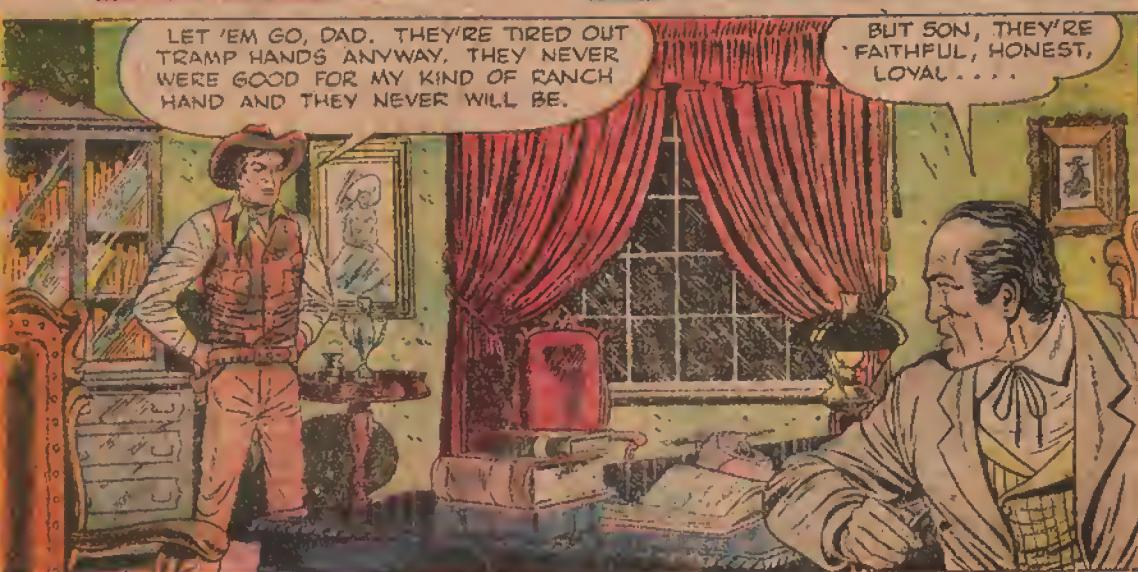
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS. YOU CAN TAME
A BRONC, OUTSMART A MULE,
OUTFERRET A FOX, BUT....

BUT YOU CAN NEVER
WIN AGAINST A
COYOTE, 'LESS YOU
GET RID OF HIM!
WE'RE AIMING
TO GO.



LET 'EM GO, DAD. THEY'RE TIRED OUT
TRAMP HANDS ANYWAY, THEY NEVER
WERE GOOD FOR MY KIND OF RANCH
HAND AND THEY NEVER WILL BE.

BUT SON, THEY'RE
FAITHFUL, HONEST,
LOYAL....



STOW IT! THEY'RE LIKE CACTUS. THEY JUST BEEN AROUND TOO LONG --- DRIED OUT. ALL THEY KNOW IS WHERE THEY GOT ROOTS. LET 'EM GO AT ROUND-UP TIME...



WELL I AIN'T SEEN OLD STEVE FOR A LONG TIME. I MISS THE OLE CADGER. HE SURE WILL BE SURPRISED.



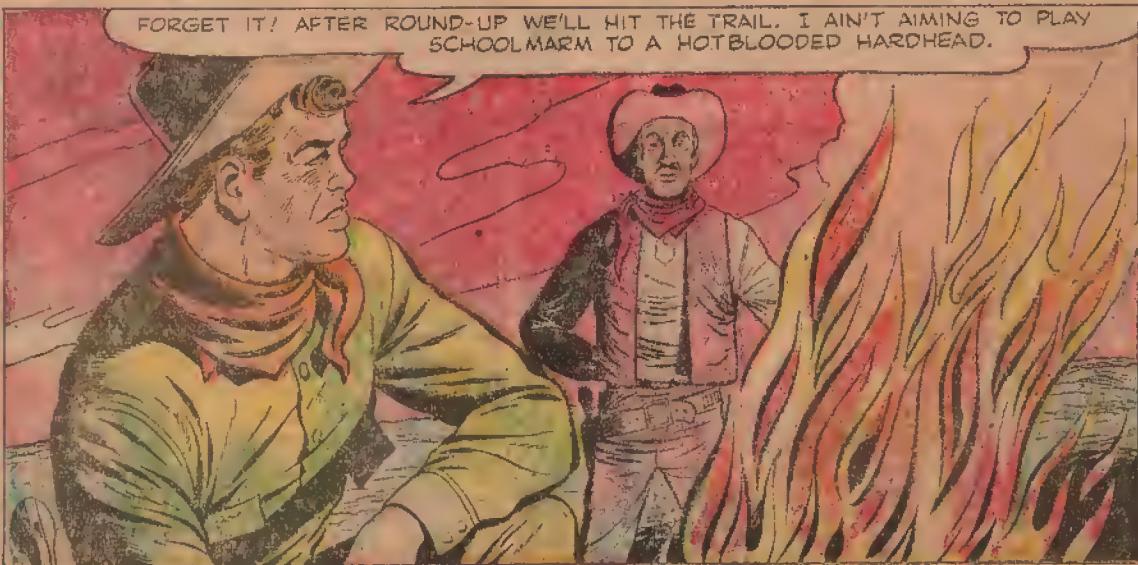
CUSS ME, YOUNGUN, BUT YOU'RE HERE AND ALL IN ONE PIECE. JOIN US FOR THE ROUND-UP AND THEN I'LL JOIN YOU AND WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL AGAIN.



SO THAT'S THE TALE, YOUNGUN. SHUGRUE IS JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME. IF I WAS YOUNGER I'D BUST THE CANTANKEROUS BRONCO, BUT THE FIRE'S OUT OF MY SPIRIT AND MY HEART AIN'T IN IT. OF COURSE, IF I WAS A YOUNG'UN, LIKE.....



FORGET IT! AFTER ROUND-UP WE'LL HIT THE TRAIL. I AIN'T AIMING TO PLAY SCHOOLMARM TO A HOTBLOODED HARDHEAD.

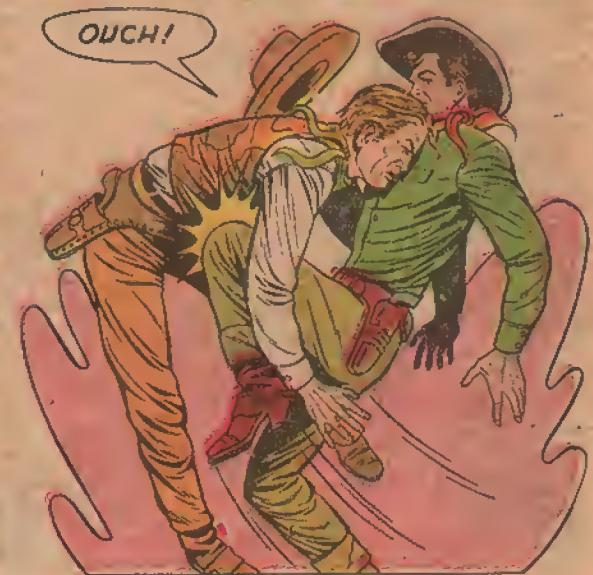


YOU BLANKETY BLANK OLD FOOL!
I TOLD YOU, I GAVE YOU YOUR
ORDERS DIDN'T I? I WANT THE
MEN RIDING NOW. GET GOING
AND GET GOING PRONTO!

HOLD ON THERE.
MY FRIEND
STEVE'S BEEN
RIDING HERD FOR
LONGER'N YOU'VE
BEEN BREATHIN'.
THIS AIN'T NO
TIME FOR RIDING.

KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF
MY BUSINESS AND SADDLE
UP AND GET GOING. YOU
AIN'T WELCOME HERE!

I'M
AIMING
TO STAY!



I OUGHT TO SHOOT
YOU NOW! GET
GOING BEFORE
I COUNT THREE!

I DIDN'T THINK A BAD
TEMPERED KID LIKE YOU
COULD COUNT TO THREE.
I'M WAITING!

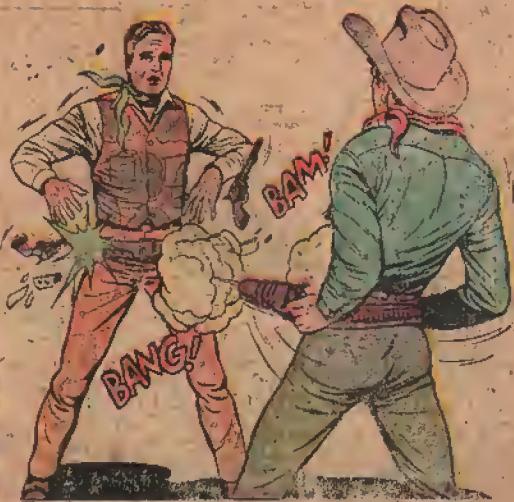
ONE ... TWO ...

OKAY, YOU WIN,
I'M GOING.



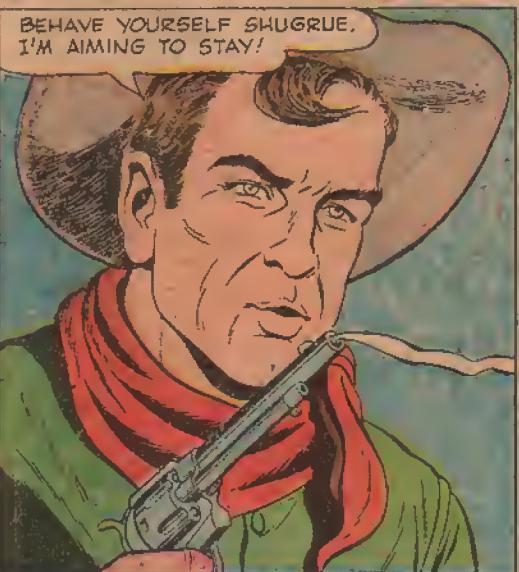
WELL BIG MOUTH. GUESS YOU KNOW WHO'S BOSS. YOU RANCH BUMS CAN USE YOUR KNEES IN A MAN'S GUT, BUT HOT LEAD WILL LEARN YOU!

TELL ME SHUGRUE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COUNT OVER AGAIN NOW, WITH YOUR GUN IN YOUR HOLSTER? I'M CALLING YOU! AND JUST SO YOU KNOW WHERE WE STAND, I PROMISE YOU YOUR GUN WILL NEVER LEAVE YOUR HOLSTER!



BEHAVE YOURSELF SHUGRUE. I'M AIMING TO STAY!

I WANT THIS DUST-EATEN RAT RUNC OF TOWN, DAD. I'LL BET YOU HE'S JUST TWO STEPS AHEAD OF THE SHERIFF ANYWAY.



SHUGRUE, YOUR DAD'S A FINE MAN FROM ALL I HEAR. YOU'VE GOT A GOOD RANCH AND FINE CATTLE. YOU AIN'T A BAD 'UN, YOU'RE JUST MEAN. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SOFTEN YOU UP FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!



WHY, YOU.....

KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD, SHUGRUE, AND SERVE YOUR DAD AND ME SOME JAVA!



JAVA YOU WANT, DO YOU....



IT'S AN OLD CHEROKEE TRICK, SHUGRUE. I'M LEAVING YOU ONE HAND FREE TO SERVE THAT JAVA, HOT IN A CUP FOR YOUR DAD AND ME. ONE RECKLESS MOVE AND YOU'LL HEAR YOUR BONES CRACK!

DAD, TELL HIM TO STOP. HE'S BREAKING MY ARM!

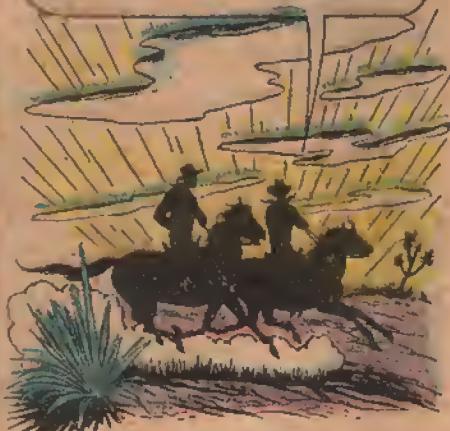


I'LL HAVE MY COFFEE BLACK, SON.

AND NOW, SHUGRUE, PUT YOUR GUNS ON THE TABLE AND GET TWO HORSES, YOURS AND MINE. WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE AND A TALK. STEVE WILL GO WITH US TO MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO SHENANIGANS.



YOU SEE, SHUGRUE, I WAS WILD LIKE YOU ARE, AND RECKLESS, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A FINE DAD LIKE YOU, ALL THIS CATTLE AND THE GOOD FUTURE YOU GOT AHEAD OF YOU, AND I BECAME A LONE RIDER.



YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE THAT BUCKED ME WHEN I BULLIED 'EM, THAT LICKED ME IN EVERY WAY WHEN I SPAT AT 'EM! WHO ARE YOU?



THEY CALL ME BILLY THE KID.

BILLY THE KID!
NO WONDER.



WE'VE HAD A GOOD SEASON. ALL YOU MEN JOINED IN REAL FINE. THERE'S A BONUS FOR ALL OF YOU! NOW I WANT TO ASK YOU MEN, LIKE WE ALWAYS DO AT ROUND-UP TIME, WHO DO YOU THINK DESERVES A SPECIAL BONUS THIS YEAR FOR DOING THE BEST ROUNDING-UP?



WELL, BOSS, NEVER THOUGHT THE DAY WOULD COME WHEN I COULD SAY THIS AND MEAN THIS, BUT YOUR GOLDANG BLASTED SON PROVED HIMSELF THE BEST BLANKETY BLANK COWHAND IN THE WHOLE OUTFIT.. AND I NOMINATE HIM!

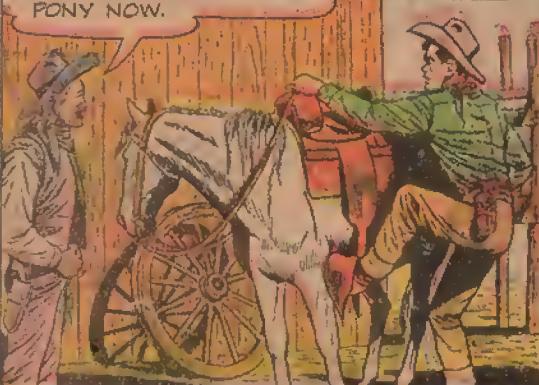
HOORAY!
HOORAY FOR YOUNG SHUGRUE, HE PROVED HIMSELF!

RIGHT!

I OWED YOU THE WORK I PUT IN AND MORE. I OWED YOU THE SWEAT I PUT IN AND MORE, AND SOMETHING I AIN'T NEVER DONE, AND THAT'S WHAT I OWE YOU TOO. THANKS TO ALL OF YOU, FORGIVE ME FOR BEING THE CUSS THAT I WAS. I HAD TO LEARN FROM A BETTER MAN!



WELL, BILLY, YOU DONE YOUR CHORE. I NEVER THOUGHT ANY HUMAN COULD DO IT! I NEVER THOUGHT THE KID WAS HUMAN, BUT YOU PROVED THERE'S GOOD IN ALL OF US IF YOU GIVE IT A CHANCE, AND (CHUCKLE) A LITTLE ROUGHING ABOUT! YOU BROKE THE BRONC AND HE'S A TAME PONY NOW.



SURE, THERE'S REAL GOOD IN ALL OF US IF YOU WANT TO FIND IT. SOMETIMES IT'S TOUGH AND SOMETIMES YOU CAN GET YOUR HEAD BROKE, BUT IT'S ALWAYS WORTH IT!



THE END

BILLY THE KID

"The Bow IN and Arrow Kid"

BILLY, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY HANDSOME WHEN YOU SMILE. WHY DON'T YOU DO IT MORE OFTEN?

I RECKON I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH OCCASION TO DO MUCH SMILIN', 'FORE COMIN' HERE, JUDY.

I HAVE A FEELIN' THAT THE DAY I SET ABOUT KNOCKIN' THAT SILLY GRIN OFF HIS FACE IS GETTIN' CLOSER AND CLOSER. THEN WE'LL BE SEEIN' HOW HANDSOME JUDY THINKS HE IS!



PETE! PETE PARKER! DID YOU SEE? I BEAT BILLY FAIR AND SQUARE!

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT. YOU AND YOUR HORSE ARE A HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT, JUDY.

I KNOW AN EVEN TOUGH ER COMBIN ATION, BILLY!

AND WHAT'S THAT, PETE?

BILLY HAD ALWAYS BEEN SURE OF A WELCOME AT THE TRIPLE HEART RANCH, BELONGING TO OLD JUDGE HART, A LONG TIME FRIEND OF HIS, WHO ASKED NO QUESTIONS AND DEMANDED NO ANSWERS... BUT THIS VISIT WAS COMPLICATED BY THREE NEW AND DISTURBING FACTORS. THE FIRST WAS THE BEAUTIFUL JUDY HART, THE OLD JUDGE'S GRANDDAUGHTER, JUST RETURNED FROM SCHOOL; THE SECOND WAS PETE PARKER, THE JUDGE'S NEW FOREMAN, OBVIOUSLY SMITTEN WITH JUDY AND JEALOUS OF BILLY; AND THE THIRD WAS A GANG OF RUSTLERS THAT HAD INFESTED THE ENTIRE VALLEY.... STEALING HUNDREDS OF HEADS OF CATTLE. BILLY DID NOT HAVE TO BE A PROPHET TO FORESEE TROUBLE AHEAD SHOULD IT BE DISCOVERED THAT THE JUDGE'S GUEST WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE NOTORIOUS BILLY THE KID!



STOP IT, PETE. YOU'RE GOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO ANY WIND STORM, JUDY. NO TELLING WHERE IT MIGHT BLOW!

SO I'M A BAG OF WIND. COME OFF THAT HORSE AND I'LL SHOW YUH!

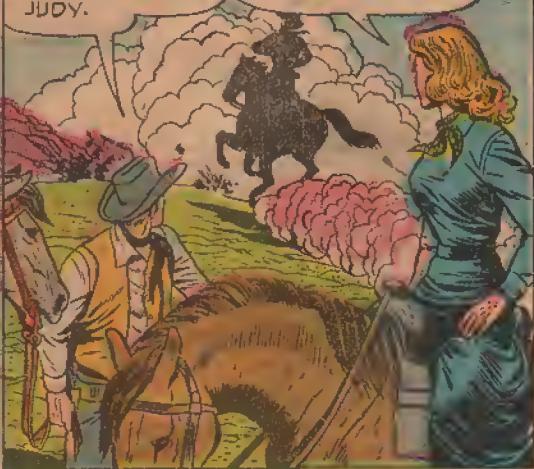
OH, GET BACK ON YOUR HORSE, PETE PARKER. BILLY IS RIGHT. YOU'RE ALL HORNS AND RATTLES.

THE LAST THING BILLY WANTED WAS TO BE THE CAUSE OF A FIGHT BETWEEN JUDY AND PETE, FOR HE KNEW SOMETHING THAT NEITHER OF THEM DID. AND THAT WAS THAT THE OLD JUDGE WAS SET ON THE TWO OF THEM MARRYING WHILE HE WAS STILL AROUND TO SEE THE CEREMONY!



SURE APPEARS AS IF YUH'VE PICKED YERSELF A COLD-FOOTED HOMBRE, JUDY.

I HAVEN'T PICKED ANY HOMBRE, PETE PARKER. OH, I HATE YOU--- I HATE ALL MEN!



DON'T GET ME WRONG, JUDY. I HAVEN'T ANYTHIN' AGAINST BILLY PERSONALLY---HONEST. IT'S JUST THAT WITH ALL THESE RUSTLERS ABOUT, I JUST DON'T WANT YUH GETTIN' MIXED UP WITH BAD COMPANY. AND I KEEP HEARIN' ALL SORTS OF RUMORS ABOUT BILLY!

HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MY GRANDDAD'S AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.... AND SHOULD BE FOR YOU. YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, THAT'S ALL!



JEALOUS, AM I? WHY YUH LITTLE SQUIRT, THINKIN' YUH'RE A WOMAN. NO MAN WORTH HIS SALT'D LOOK TWICE AT YUH!



PETE! PETE! COME BACK --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO TOWN, WHERE I CAN SEE SOME REAL FEMALES, NOT SHORT CHANGE COW BUNNIES!



AND THAT'S MY CUE FOR RAISIN' DUST. I'D BETTER GIVE THEM BOTH A CHANCE TO COOL OFF. ANY MARRIAGE THEY MAKE IS SURE GOIN' TO BE A MIGHTY BUMPY BUT INTERESTIN' ONE!



HAVE EITHER OF YOU SEEN PETE? THAT BUCKAROO'S NEVER AROUND WHEN I WANT HIM.

PASSED HIM ON THE ROAD A WHILE BACK, JUDGE. JUDY HERE STOPPED TO TALK TO HIM.

HE'S GONE TO TOWN, AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HE NEED NEVER COME BACK!

OH, YOU DON'T YOUNG LADY? WELL IT SO HAPPENS I DO. BILLY, WOULD YOU MIND RIDING TO TOWN AND FETCHING HIM BACK?

BE GLAD TO, JUDGE, 'CEPT FROM THE WAY HE WAS TOSSIN' HIS WORDS AROUND A WHILE BACK, I RECKON HE MIGHT BE A LITTLE RAMBLIN'TONIOUS!

IF YOU'RE SO AFRAID OF HIM, I'LL BE GLAD TO RIDE IN WITH YOU!

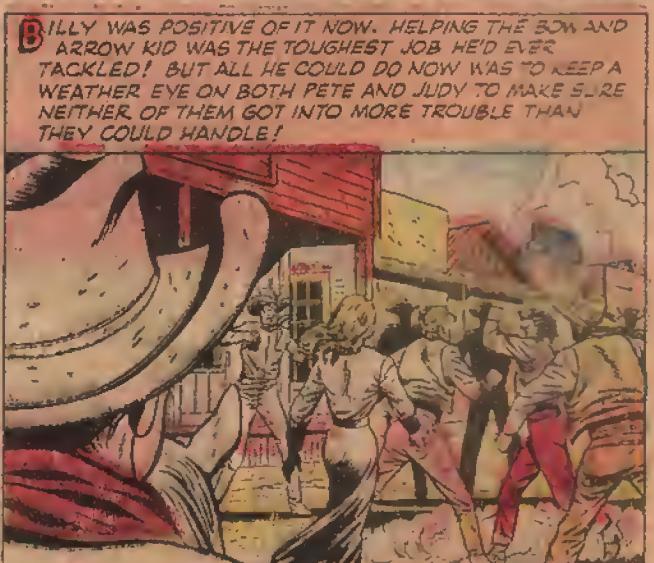
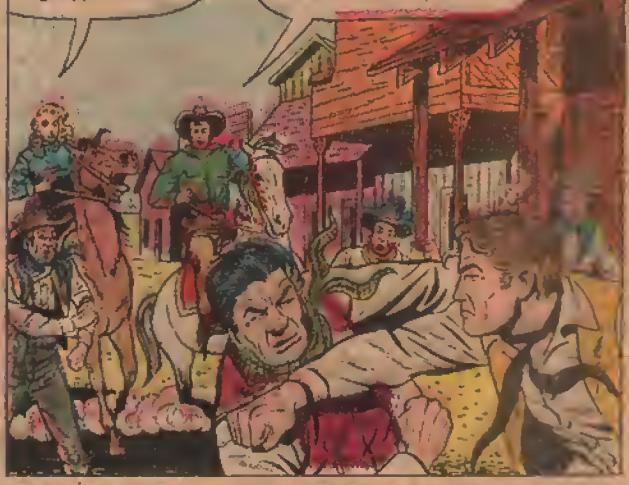
WHY, I'D BE POWERFULLY PLEASED TO HAVE YOUR COMPANY, JUDY. MIGHT NEED YOUR PROTECTION AT THAT.



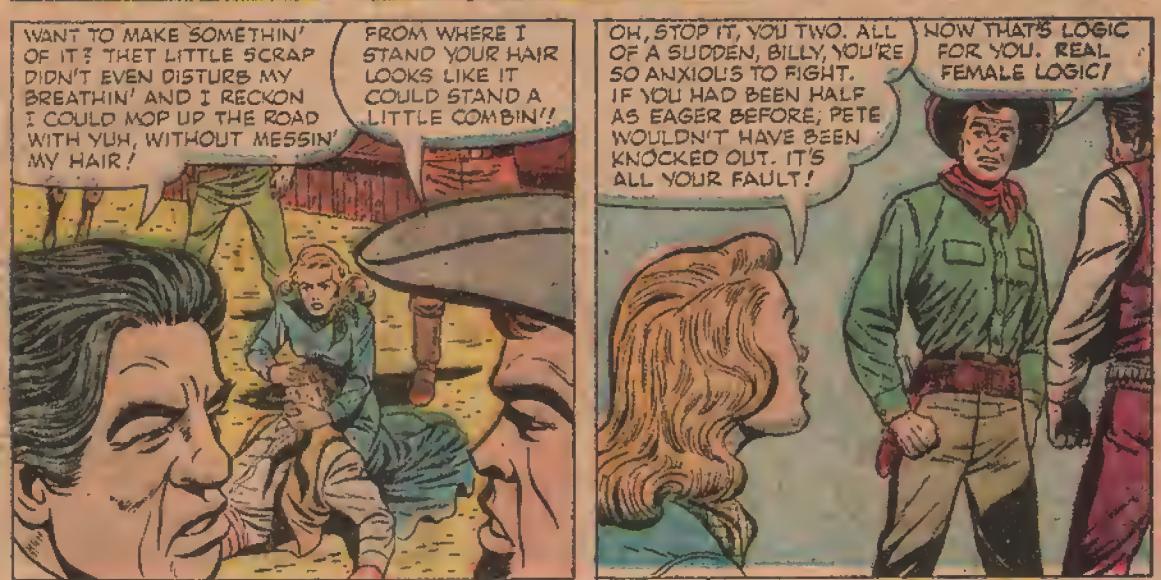
BILLY, GLANCING AT THE ANGRY GIRL RIDING NEXT TO HIM, GRINNED SLOWLY TO HIMSELF. HE'D DONE MANY THINGS IN HIS LIFE, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVER FOUND HIMSELF PLAYING CUPID, THE BOW AND ARROW KID!

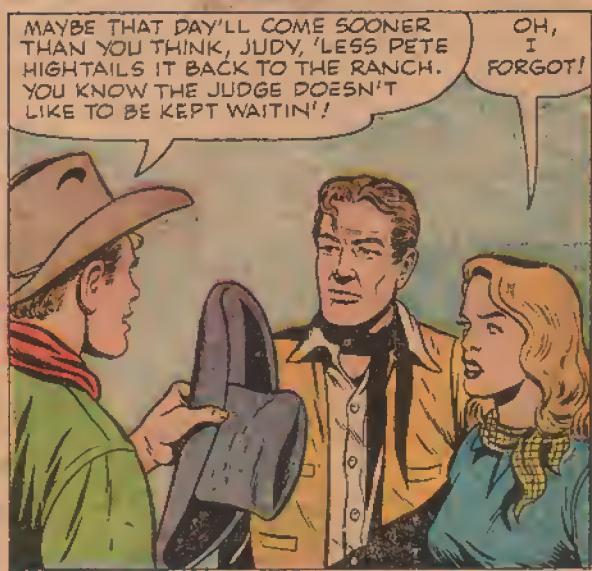
IT'S PETE AND HE'S FIGHTING AGAIN. BILLY, YOU MUST STOP HIM!

WHY? PETE LOOKS MIGHTY CAPABLE OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF. I DON'T SEE ANY NEED FOR MIXIN' IN!



BILLY WAS POSITIVE OF IT NOW. HELPING THE BOW AND ARROW KID WAS THE TOUGHEST JOB HE'D EVER TACKLED! BUT ALL HE COULD DO NOW WAS TO KEEP A WEATHER EYE ON BOTH PETE AND JUDY TO MAKE SURE NEITHER OF THEM GOT INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY COULD HANDLE!





IT'S FROM THE JUDGE,
MISS JUDY. HE SAID
FER ME TO MAKE
SURE YUH READ
IT PRONTO

THANKS,
COOKIE.



DON'T
STOP ME,
BILLY. EVEN
IF YOU
WON'T GO,
I'M
GOING!

AND WHAT WOULD
YOU DO ONCE YOU
GOT 'EM? RE? IT'S
GETTIN' DARK AND
IT'S A MIGHTY TICK-
LISH JOB PETE AND
YOUR GRANDDAD
HAVE SET OUT TO DO,
TRACKING DOWN
THOSE RUSTLERS
ALONE. YOU'D SURE
FIX THINGS UP
PROPER!



AFTER ALL, BILLY IS A DANGEROUS OUT-
LAW, AND JUST BECAUSE HE DID GRAND-
DAD A FAVOR YEARS AGO, IS NO REASON
TO KEEP ON TRUSTING HIM FOREVER.
WHY, FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE MIGHT BE
ONE OF THE RUSTLERS THEMSELVES!
WONDER WHICH WAY HE WENT?



PETE AND I THINK WE
HAVE THOSE RUSTLERS
WHERE WE WANT
THEM. AT PETE'S
SUGGESTION WE'RE
TRAILING THEM ALONE.
I KNOW YOU WILL BE
READING THIS NOTE,
TOO, BILLY. DON'T
TRY FOLLOWING
US!

THE JUDGE

I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE
RIGHT, BILLY.
I AM BEING
FOOLISH.

YOUR GRANDDAD
AND PETE CAN
TAKE CARE OF
THEMSELVES, JUDY.
NOW YOU JUST GO
INSIDE, GET SOME-
THIN' TO EAT AND TURN
IN. THEY'LL BE BACK
'FORE YOU KNOW IT!



COOKIE,
DO YOU
KNOW
WHICH
WAY
THEY
WENT?

SURE DO, BILLY!
OVERHEARD
'EM MAKIN'
THEIR PLANS.
THEY WENT
DOWN DEVIL
BOX CANYON
WAY.

DEVIL BOX
CANYON!
THAT
COULD BE
A DEATH
TRAP!
WE'VE GOT
TO GO AFTER
THEM,
BILLY!

BILLY WAITED UNTIL ALMOST
DAWN BEFORE STARTING OUT
AFTER THE JUDGE AND PETE.
BUT WAITING SO LONG MADE NO
DIFFERENCE AT ALL, FOR JUDY,
UNABLE TO SLEEP, SAW HIM LEAVE
AND FOLLOWED HIM!



IT'S THE
JUDGE'S
GRAND-
DAUGHTER!

WHO ARE YOU?
LET ME THROUGH!

NOT SO FAST, GAL
WE AIN'T AIMIN'
TO HURT YUH,
'LONG AS YUH
COME ALONG
PEACEFUL AND
CAUSE US NO
TROUBLE!



IT'S THE LONG-HAIRED HOMBRE THAT WAS FIGHTIN' WITH PETE ... HE'S ONE OF THE RUSTLERS! NO WONDER HE KNEW JUDY'S NAME AS WELL AS KNOWIN' WHO I WAS. THIS CALLS FOR SOME MIGHTY FAST BUT CAREFUL THINKIN'!

IT'S BILLY! OH, I'M SO GLAD IT'S YOU! I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME RIDIN' OUT HERE, JUDY. NOW, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. HEY, LONG HAIR, HOW 'BOUT ME THROWIN' IN WITH YOU? BEEN EXPECTIN' YUH, BILLY, EVER SINCE I HEARD YUH WAS HOLIN' UP AT THE TRIPLE HEART. YER WELCOME. I KIN ALWAYS USE A GOOD MAN!

ONCE AN OUTLAW, ALWAYS AN OUTLAW! THAT'S WHAT GRANDDAD GETS FOR BEING NICE TO YOU. TURNING RIGHT AROUND AND JOINING THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ROBBING HIM!

SURE, WHY NOT? A MAN'S GOT TO LIVE, HASN'T HE?

NOW, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

DON'T WASTE TIME ASKIN' SILLY QUESTIONS. KEEP GOIN' AND GOIN' FAST!

FIGURED YUH'D PULL SOME SORT OF DOUBLE CROSS, BILLY. YUH DIDN'T FOOL ME NONE ASKIN' TO JOIN UP WITH US. YUH ACTED A MITE FASTER THAN I EXPECTED, THAT'S ALL.

NOW WHAT 'MAKES YOU THINK I'M PULLIN' A DOUBLE CROSS? I JUST WANTED THE GIRL OUT OF THE WAY, WHILE YOU AND I TALKED BUSINESS.

AIN'T NO BUSINESS TO DISCUSS. ME AND MY BOYS'VE MADE ENOUGH RUSTLIN' CATTLE AROUND HERE TO SATISFY US FOR AWHILE. SO WE'RE READY, TO PULL STAKES. JEST FIGURED WE'D TAKE THE GIRL 'LONG AS A HOSTAGE 'TIL WE GOT ACROSS THE BORDER. BUT NOW I GOT ME A BETTER IDEA.

AND THAT IS?

PEOPLE BEEN TALKIN' PLENTY 'BOUT YUH STAYIN' WITH THE JUDGE. IF THEY WAS TO FIND YUH STRUNG UP... AND THE RUSTLIN' STOPS THE SAME TIME, THEY'LL BE PUTTIN' TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND COMIN' UP WITH A MIGHTY SATISFACTORY ANSWER TO THEM AND TO US!

BANG! BANG! BUT NOT TO ME! YOU MAVERICK SAMSON!

CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH. IF I SHOOT, I MIGHT BE PUTTIN' WINDOWS IN THE SKULL OF THE WRONG GUY.

I WOULDN'T BE THINKIN' OF DOIN' ANYTHIN' LIKE THAT IF I WERE YUH, VARMINT, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT YUH COVERED WITH TWO VERY DELICATE TRIGGERS!

HAD ENOUGH?

'NUFF! 'NUFF!

CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOU, BILLY?

FORGET IT, JUDY. I'LL ADMIT IT SURE LOOKED BAD FROM WHERE YOU SAT. YOU COULDNT KNOW THAT I'D SEEN THE JUDGE AND PETE RIDIN' IN FROM THE OTHER END OF THE CANYON.

THAT FIGHT YOU HAD IN TOWN WITH LONG HAIR WAS ABOUT ME, WASN'T IT, PETE?

IN A WAY, BILLY. LONG HAIR WAS SPILLIN' IN' HIS MOUTH OFF 'BOUT THE JUDGE BEIN' MIXED UP IN THE 'RUSTLIN' 'CAUSE YOU WERE STAYIN' AT THE TRIPLE HEART. I COULDN'T LET ANYBODY TALK THAT I... 'BOUT THE JUDGE NOHOW AND SO ONE WORD KIND OF LED TO ANOTHER AND... WELL, YUH SAW WHAT HAPPENED.

PETE WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT MY HAVING YOU, BILLY, AS A GUEST AT TRIPLE HEART THAT HE INSISTED UPON US GOING OUT AFTER THE RUSTLERS. ONCE I TOLD HIM I HAD DEFINITE INFORMATION THEY'D BE AT DEVIL BOX CANYON. GUESS HE FIGURED THAT IF WE CAPTURED THE OUTLAWS OURSELVES, THAT WE WOULD SILENCE ANY AND ALL OF MY CRITICS!

SO THAT IS WHY YOU WERE FIGHTING, OUT CHASING RUSTLERS AND EVERYTHING. YOU WERE PROTECTING GRANDDAD'S HONOR. OH, DARLING, THAT WAS WONDERFUL OF YOU!

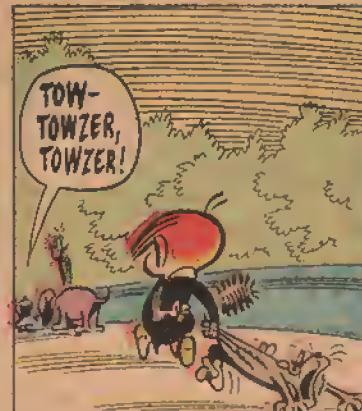
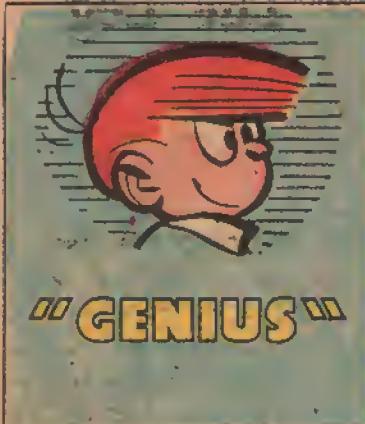
SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHIN'...

HEY, DID I HEAR RIGHT? YUH CALLED ME DARLIN'!

JUDGE, I RECKON WITH YOUR HELP, BILLY. OF COURSE, YOU'LL STAY FOR THE WEDDING?

SURE WILL, JUDGE. I ADMIRE WEDDIN'S. THAT IS, AS LONG AS I'M NOT THE ONE GETTIN' Hitched!





The Case Of The Bullet In The Leg

By BENTON RICE



HIS Honor, Judge William H. Sampson, looked once about the crowded court room before he fixed his eyes on the defendant standing before him. "Mr. Joseph Perino," he announced. "Have you anything to say before this court passes sentence upon you?"

As he stood before the judge, the short, stocky Mr. Perino shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. He was visibly nervous and timidly answered the question. "Nothing to say, your Honor," he replied. "The sooner we get this over with, the better. Go ahead and pass sentence on me."

A young, athletic looking man walked up to the side of the defendant. He was Howard Person Layton, affectionately called by the press the fighting District Attorney, since he fearlessly crusaded against crime in the city. "Your Honor," he began. "I have a few words to say about this case." "You may proceed, Mr. District Attorney," said the judge.

Howard Person Layton looked piteously at the defendant and then began to speak. "Mr. Perino is not a criminal and I believe he was forced to confess to something he is not guilty of. His record shows he is an honest business man with a good reputation in the community. He has a wife and three grown children. He has within his power the chance to rid this community of the worst racketeer it has ever had. The facts are clear. Fred Poppers, alias Fred Da Vinto, known as 'The Boss', controls the protection racket in this town. Mr. Perino was delinquent in paying his weekly five dollars to Poppers' 'protective association.' This weekly payment was made by Perino and countless other frightened store owners to insure safety to their property. If they kept up

their payments everything was fine. If they didn't, likely as not their property was severely damaged by hoodlums. In Mr. Perino's case, although his own store was left unharmed, he was frightened into confessing his guilt in the damaging of the shoe repair store next to his. Mr. Poppers was determined to further insure his silence in the following way. He arranged to meet Perino at Third and Pine Streets one Friday night, shot him in the leg with his thirty-eight and told him this was an example of what would happen to his family if he ever changed his confession. Originally three witnesses testified in my office to this event. Frightened, however, they have all since vanished. To make matters worse, we have the .38 gun and the sworn statement of Fred Poppers that he was out in the country at that time taking pop shots at little rabbits. Now if Mr. Perino would permit us to take the bullet out of his leg, the laboratory experts could prove it came from Poppers' gun. And that means a three-year sentence for perjury for Poppers. Once behind bars, his racket would collapse and people would testify as to what has really taken place. But Mr. Perino is afraid of what may happen to his family, even though my office has offered him complete police protection for every member of his family."

At this point the judge gave Perino another opportunity to speak, but again he refused. "Bailiff," Judge Sampson declared, "take the defendant back to the county jail. Monday he will be transferred to State Prison for a period of not less than one year nor more than three."

District Attorney Layton, disturbed as he was at the turn of events, was deter-

mined not to think of the case over the weekend. He'd spend his time off at home—maybe have some football practise with his twelve-year-old son Tommy, and start the case anew on Monday. Tommy, however, was not at the dinner table when Layton arrived home. "And what criminal deed has Tommy done today?" asked a parent who knew the answer would spell something wrong. "This," announced Mrs. Layton as she handed her husband a small metal box. He looked at the label for a minute and then he knew the key to the solution of his problem—the problem of getting the bullet out of the right leg of Mr. Perino. He dropped the metal box into his pocket, linked arms with his wife and made a beeline for Tommy's room.

A startled twelve-year-old, with freckled face, unruly hair, and a small snub nose tried to make sense out of what his father said. "Tommy," proclaimed the District Attorney, "for what you did to your friends, I cannot forgive you. But because of special circumstances, sentence is suspended. You may go right downstairs now and eat supper. In addition, you may have my slice of apple pie as a bonus." Tommy was too excited at the thought of having another slice of apple pie to think about why he had been forgiven. Mrs. Layton wanted to know just one thing. "Aren't you going to eat supper?" The answer was a polite but definite, "No, thank you."

Howard Person Layton watched the speedometer on his car pass sixty as he drove down Highway 112. A siren warned him a motorcycle cop was behind him. He slowed down and stopped. An angry State Trooper came up to the car and then his expression changed. "Anything wrong, Mr. D.A.?" "I must get to the county jail in a hurry," was the answer. "I'll drive ahead and you follow," said the State Trooper. "We ought to make it in an hour."

Warden Louis Capper shrugged his shoulders. He was a hard, tough man in charge of a large prison. "The plan sounds far-fetched to me," he admitted. "Yet I

guess if I were you, I'd try anything to get that bullet out of Perino's leg. Since he's a deep sleeper I'll do as you suggest." Warden Capper instructed one of his men to enter the sleeping Perino's cell, place the powder on the inside of his right trouser leg. He further instructed the engineer to turn up maximum heat so as to make the cell as warm as possible. Finally, he had the doctor and nurse standing by for orders.

"What's next?" asked the puzzled warden. The District Attorney looked at the large wall clock. It was five minutes after twelve. "In about six hours, when the men awake for breakfast and dress, we should have results."

Joseph Perino walked into the large dining room of the county prison. As he sat down to breakfast, a terrible, itchy pain shot through his right leg. It was unbearable. He scratched and scratched and then shouted, "Help, Guard. I think I have gangrene. Take me to the doctor. I don't want to lose this leg."

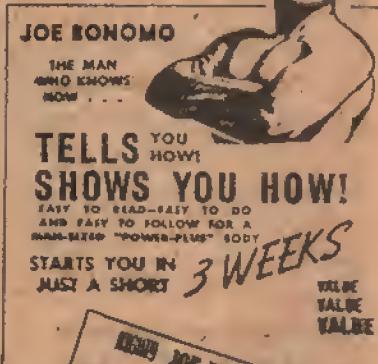
A tired District Attorney peeped through the comparison microscope of Ballistics. "The slug that was taken from Perino's leg is the same as the one we fired from Popper's .38. Notice the markings," explained Detective Donald Cooperman, in charge of Ballistics at Police Headquarters. And a tired but happy District Attorney forced a smile. "This ends the career of Mr. Fred Poppers and dooms his racket."

The rest is now ancient history. Mr. Perino received a suspended sentence for his unwilling cooperation with the law. Mr. Poppers received first a sentence for perjury. By the time his victims were through testifying, he had some thirty-odd more years to serve.

As for Tommy Layton, he had a justifiable complaint. "It was my box of itching powder that did the trick. You'd think my pop would at least buy me another box!"

THE END

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KID SCIENCE

by VIL HERMAN

"The PUG WITH THE
PERFECT PROFILE"
A KID SCIENCE ADVENTURE

HOTTEST THING IN THE RING TODAY IS PERCY--THE PUG WITH THE PERFECT PROFILE. HIS STRING OF 47 KNOCK-OUTS IS AN IMPOSING ONE, EVEN FOR "KID" SCIENCE WHO HAS AGREED TO MEET HIM IN A CHARITY BOUT FOR THE LOCAL POLIO FUND.

HOLD IT,
PERCY!

SAY PERCY--
YOU'RE SURE
DRESSED
TO KILL!

I DO ALL MY
KILLING IN THE
RING--PRINT
THAT, BOYS!

I HEAR YOU'RE FIGHTING KID SCIENCE, NEXT WEEK. IS THAT RIGHT?

I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE MUCH OF A FIGHT--IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

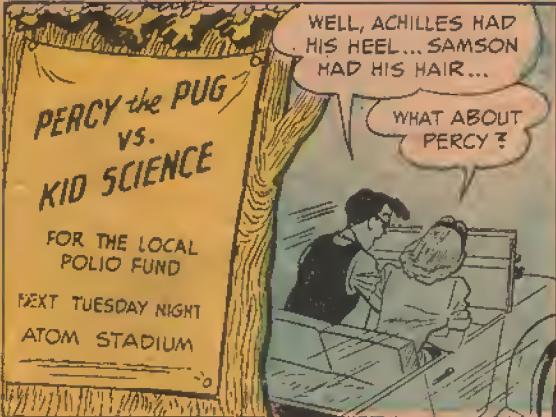
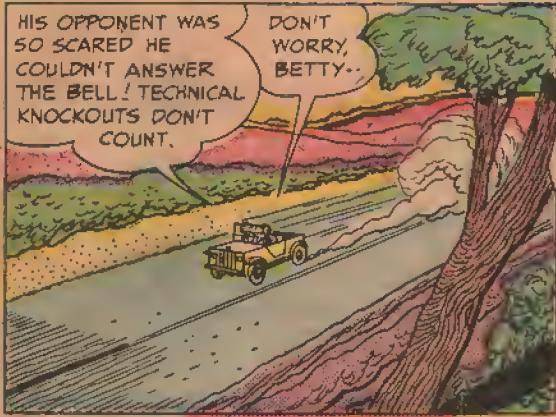
SOMEBODY SAID THE KID'S GIVING ALL HIS PURSE TO THE POLIO FUND.

YEAH--HE'S FIGHTING FOR ONE BUCK--THE REST GOES TO CHARITY.

HOW ABOUT YOU, PERCY? ARE YOU GIVING YOUR PURSE TO CHARITY?

OF COURSE, BOYS! I'M GIVING MY PURSE TO MY FAVORITE CHARITY--

--MYSELF!



AND SO THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT ARRIVES...

DO BE CAREFUL, KID--HE
LOOKS AWFULLY
BIG!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE,
THE HARDER
THEY FALL, BETTY!



BONG!

HELLO, PUNK! I BEEN
WAITING TO GET YOU IN
THE RING FOR A LONG
TIME!

REALLY?

YEAH! I HEAR YOU'RE
GIVIN' YOUR PURSE
TO CHARITY--

SQUISH!

TRYIN' TO MAKE A BUM OUT OF ME,
EH? IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU DAT
SPOIL THE FIGHT RACKET FOR
GUYS LIKE
ME!

CRACK!

SO YA WANNA BE A HERO, EH? PLAY
THAT ON YOUR
CATGUT!

OOOOOOOF!

BETWEEN ROUNDS-- HE'S A DIRTY
FIGHTER, JUST
LIKE I WARNED YOU, LISTEN TO THE
CROWD BOOING!

BOOOOO!

I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY
ON HIM...JUST TO PROVE MY THEORY THAT
BRAINS CAN DO A
JOB ON BRAWN
ANY DAY IN
THE WEEK
DIRTY
BRAWN
TOO!

BONNING!

PSST! DID YOU
KNOW THE FIGHT
IS BEING TELEVISED,
PERCY?

DON'T GIVE ME
THAT STUFF!

HONEST--RIGHT
OVER THERE...
SEE?

WELL, WELL,
SO IT IS!



THERE MAY BE A
COUPLE OF HOLLYWOOD
PRODUCERS WATCHING.

YEAH...MAYBE THEY'RE
TAKIN' A PEEK AT THE
PUG WITH THE PERFECT
PROFILE...
THAT'S ME!

IF THEY GET A GOOD
LOOK AT THAT PROFILE
OF YOURS THEY MAY SIGN
YOU UP TO A BIG MOVIE
CONTRACT!

YEAH--DEN I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO SPEND MY
TIME SLUGGIN'
AROUND PUNKS
LIKE YOU!

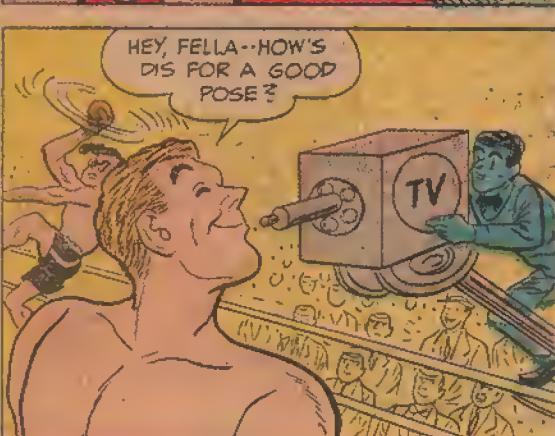


HEY, FELLA--HOW'S
DIS FOR A GOOD
POSE?

TV

PERFECT!

SOCKEROO!



--NINE --TEN --
AND OUT!

THAT BIT OF PSYCHOLOGY
WORKED JUST RIGHT--
ONCE A HAM
ALWAYS A
HAM!

OH, KID! YOU SURE
CURED THAT
HAM-- BUT
GOOD!

VIC
HERMAN



IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



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